

An EXCELLENT
GARLAND

CONTAINING,

Six Excellent SONGS,

1. *The Age of Man.*
2. *Queen Mary's Lamentation.*
3. *Bright Phabus.*
4. *The Rambling Boy.*
5. *Answer to the Rambling Boy.*
6. *Lie in a Barrack.*



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THE AGE OF MAN.

IN prime of years when I was young,
I took delight in youthful toys,
Not knowing then what did belong,
Unto the pleasure of those days;
At seven years old I was a child,
And subject then to be beguil'd;

At two times seven I must needs go learn,
What discipline was taught at school;
Then good from evil I could discern,
And thought myself no more a child;
My parents were contriving then,
How I might live when I became a man.

At three times seven I waxed wild
And manhood led me to be bold.
I thought myself no more a child,
My own conceit it so me told:
Then did I venture far and near,
To buy delight at a price full dear.

At four times seven I must take a wife,
And leave off all my wanton ways;
Thinking thereby perhaps to thrive,
And save myself from sad disgrace:
So farewell now, my companions all,
For another business doth me call.

At five times seven I would go prove,
What I can gain by art or skill,
But still against the stream I strove,

And bowl'd up stones against the hill;
The more I labour'd with might and main,
The more I strove against the stream.



At six times seven all covetousness,
 Began to harbour in my breast,
 My mind then still contriving was,

How I might gain this worldly wealth;
 To purchase lands, and live on them,
 To make my children mighty men.

At seven times seven all worldly care,
 Began to harbour in my brain,
 Then did I drink a heavy draught,

Of water of experience plain;
 There was none so ready then as I,
 To purchase bargains to sell or buy.

At eight times seven I waxed old,
 And took myself unto my rest,
 My neighbours then my council crav'd,

And I was had in great request:
 But age did so abate my strength,
 That I was forc'd to yield at length.

At nine times seven I must take my leave,
 Of all my former vain delights,
 And then full sore it did me grieve,

I fetch'd many a bitter sigh;
 To rise up early and sit up late,
 I was no longer fit, my strength did abate.

At ten times seven my glass was run,
 And I poor silly man must die,
 I looked up and saw the sun,

Had overcome the chrystal sky;
 And now I must this world forsake,
 And another man my place must take.

Now you may see in a glass,
 The whole estate of mortal men,
 How they from seven to seven do pass,

Until they are threescore and ten;
 And when their glass is fully run,
 They must leave off where they begun.

Queen Mary's Lamentation.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan;
 Alas! it encreases my pain,
 When I think on the days that are gone:
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see,
 The birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.
 Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those;
 False women in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when they are cold in the tomb,
 Some hearts still will sorrow for me.
 Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell,
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary prepare thee to die,
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

Bright P H E B U S

B Right Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the hounds and the horns calls the sportsmen
 away;
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
 bound,
 While health, rosy health is in exercise found.

C H O R U S.

Hark away, hark away, hark is the word
To the sound of the horn, and echo, blith echo,
And echo, blith echo makes joyful the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies the cover, and dogs quick pursue,
See yonder she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack pursues her again.

Chorus, &c.

At length puss is caught and lies panting for breath,
While the shouts of the huntsman's the signal for death
No joys can compare to the sports of the field,
To hunting all pleasures and pastimes must yield.

Chorus, &c.

T H E R A M B L I N G B O Y.

I AM a rake and a rambling boy,
Lately come from the town of Cloy,
A rambling boy altho' I be,
For them, my love, and go with me.

O Billy, Billy, I love thee well,
I love thee better than tongue can tell,
I love thee but I dare not shew it,
To you, my love, let no one know it.

My father offer'd me house and land,
If I would be at his command,
At his command I ne'er will be,
I'll forsake them all and follow thee.

O when my father came to hear,
 That his daughter lov'd a young man dear,
 He caus'd him to be sent to sea,
 To keep him from her company.

This young man was not twelve months at sea,
 All on board the gallant Victory,
 'Till hard for them to him did befall,
 To lose his life by a cannon ball.

O when his love came for to know,
 Her heart was prest with grief and woe,
 She said my love is dead and gone,
 And I in sorrow left to moan.

Was I a black bird or a thrush,
 Changing my nest from bush to bush,
 When every bird were fast asleep,
 To my love's bosom I would creep.

Altho' he's dead and in the sea,
 I could like to be in his company.
 But since I cannot be his wife,
 I'll cut the tender thread of life.

Her father coming home that night,
 Enquir'd for his heart's delight,
 He went up stairs and the door he broke,
 And found her hanging on a rope.

In her bosom a note was found,
 That her heart to an Irish lad was bound,
 To dig her grave both long and deep,
 Also a marble stone to cover it.

And in the midst a turtle dove,
 To shew that she did die for love,

So all the world may plainly see,
She died for love and constancy.

All you cold parents I pray attend,
To this downfal which here is penn'd,
May this a warning be to you,
Love prov'd the ruin of these two.

The A N S W E R.

A Squire's daughter near Ancloy,
Fell in love with a servant boy :
And when her father came to hear,
He parted her from her own dear.

All for to increase her pain,
He sent her true-love on the main:
To act the part of a gallant tar,
On board the Victory man of war.

He had not been two months at sea,
Before he fell in a bloody fray;
It was the young man's lot to fall,
And lose his life by a cannon ball.

The very night that he was slain,
His ghost unto her father came;
With dismal groans beside him stood,
Neck and breast besmear'd with blood.

Her father seeing this sad sight,
It did him sorely much afright;
It was so dark and look'd so grim,
It made him tremble every limb.

That day three weeks his love did hear,
What happened to her dearest dear;
That very night on a beam of oak,
She hang herself up with a rope.

Her father hearing of this sad news,
 It greatly then did him confuse;
 He rung his hands and tore his hair,
 Crying, alas! I am in despair.

Lie in a BARRACK.

O Bonny lass will you lie in a barrack,
 Marry a soldier and carry his wallet?
 O yes I will do, and think no more on it;
 A soldier I'll marry, and carry his wallet.

But how will you part from mammy and dady,
 Who kindly supports and tenderly cheers you?
 I'll ask no leave of my mammy or daddy,
 But mount and away with my soldier laddie.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning,
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine?
 When bleeding & fainting will you draw near me,
 Nurse you poor soldier and tenderly cheer me?

O yes I will go thro' all the hardships you men-
 tion,
 And ten thousand more if you'd the invention;
 Neither danger nor battle, nor famine alarm me,
 Whilst I have my soldier my dearest to charm me.

Oh! bonny lass in the heat of the battle,
 When men lay bleeding and cannon do rattle,
 While your soldier with enemies fierce is assail'd,
 Your heart most tender, O sure it will fail.

Not so, no such danger shall afright me,
 To follow my soldier shall ever delight me;
 In battle's fierce conflict I closely attend him,
 And chearfully venture my life to defend him.